

NANCY TILL.

Down by the cane break,
Close by de mill,
Dere I met a yaller gal,
And her name was Nancy Till;
She knowed dat I loved her,
She knowed it very long,
I'm going to serenade her,
And dis shall be my song.

Oh come, lub, come, de boat lays low,
She lies high and dry on de Ohio,
Come, love, come, won't you go along wid me,
I'll take you down to Tennessee!

I come from below,
Will you go lub wid me,
I will row de boat,
While de boat rows me;
And I'm waiting for you now,
You will not refuse to go,
And listen to de harmony,
Ob de old banjo.

Oh, come, lub, &c.

Open de window, lub,
For your lover so true,
And listen to de music
He's playing for you,
Like the soft summer notes,
So sweet and so low,
As dey flow from de strings
Ob de old banjo.

Oh, come, lub, &c.